

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 343. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1850.

PRICE 1½d.

A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

I do not want a wife—at least at present. I am not seven-and-twenty, but thirty-four: and I have not L.300 a year (nor indeed 300 pence) independent of my profession. It is essential that these statements should be understood, for the better comprehension of the scheme of villany in which I have been, and am at present, engaged.

Furthermore, I believe my handwriting has already, more than once, given many persons reason to form a tolerable conception of my character, without the aid of a graphiologist. And as to my self-knowledge, I understand my own disposition pretty well. I am perfectly aware of my faults when at times I know I am doing an absurd, selfish, ill-judged, cowardly, illiberal, or at least doubtful thing. This keeps one half of my disposition in constant warfare with the other. Sometimes the *âme* is powerful enough to conquer the *bête*: sometimes the former miserably gives in. However, suffice it to say, that, from practical reasoning, I know most of my failings: indeed my better-half (of my disposition) occasionally murmurs, 'You have said a sharp unkind thing, and hurt another's feelings wantonly, and without chance of appeal;' or some similar chiding: and then I am sure to suffer far more within me than the aggrieved. With all this, I do not want anybody to teach me what I am: more especially for a shilling.

I am not by any means a sporting character. I never made a bet in my life, beyond a hopeless pair of gloves. In the course of a tolerably active career, of that unsatisfactory and wearing-out kind known as 'upon town,' I never saw a prize-fight: nor, judging from the hideous and unsavoury ruffians I once fell amongst returning in a train from the battle-field, have I any wish to. As to racing, the fluctuations of betting are a greater puzzle to me than the politics of Central Europe. This very last Derby Day—on the 'hill,' in a good position, and surrounded by friends who bawled themselves bloodshot as *Voltigeur* thundered along the turf—I never saw the race. I was engaged in conversation at the time with something a great deal more interesting; and, on being informed by a friend (who was standing on three cushions, put on a hamper, and elevated finally on the seat of the box) 'They're off!' with a vehemence that nearly shook him over, I replied, 'Oh, are they? I daresay it's all right,' and continued my conversation.

'But what do we care about all this?' ask my readers, I have no doubt, by this time. A moment's patience, if they please, until I explain, simply, that, from mere idleness and curiosity I have been lately having a great deal of quiet fun to myself amongst the strange advertisements of the day, relating to the above and other

topics. And some of the odd things that have come under my notice I am anxious to bring before them.

A few weeks back, at the expense of a guinea, I drew up and inserted the following advertisement in one of the most popular of our London weekly papers. I reversed my initials—made my bookseller my accomplice by requesting him to receive the answers—and was fortunate enough to get a place at the top of the best column, above two others of a similar nature:—

MATRIMONY.—A Gentleman, aged 27, of good education and connexions, with an income of L.300 a year, independent of his profession, is desirous of forming a Matrimonial Alliance. The lady must not be older than himself, of pleasing manners, and conversant with the usages of society. Property is not so much looked for as an agreeable companion, in whom also a knowledge of music or singing would be desirable, but not indispensable. Ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties is the sole object of this advertisement, and answers will meet with every attention. Addressed, prepaid, to S. A., Library, 42, Tottenham Court Road, London.

At the same time I replied to various other advertisements: but my business at present is with the matrimonial one.

It appeared in the Saturday edition of the paper, and on Monday morning I had two answers. Seven more came in the evening—four more on Tuesday, and two on Wednesday, when they ceased, amounting altogether to fifteen. I believe most of these to have been, *bonâ fide*, seriously sent. Let us now see the nature of these communications.

But firstly, in my own defence, in case I should be attacked with the charge of acting dishonourably towards my fair correspondents—more especially as several of them almost demand secrecy—let me state that I believe myself fully justified in publishing their effusions, in order that the lesson may not be without its moral. The 'ultimate happiness and benefit to both parties' mentioned as 'the sole object of the advertisement' may yet be achieved. When a woman, in whatever position of life she may be, so far loses all caution and sense of position as to reply to an anonymous communication, she must abide by the consequences. The folly of such a proceeding cannot be too severely reprehended, or, as in this instance, punished. In my case the 'L.300 a year, independent of my profession,' was evidently the bait. Why should a young man in the favourable position which I assigned to myself be driven to advertise for a wife? Was I an oaf, unfitted for the manners of polite society, or did any moral taint hang about me that quarantined my entrance into its circle? Was there no one amongst my 'good connexions' who would have me? What were the chances that I was not a swindler, a broken-down *roué*, a fiend in temper and person, a villain generally, or perhaps already married? I had said nothing about references—they were neither given nor required: did this look like an

honourable transaction? And how could it be supposed that any man would risk the future comfort of his entire life on an acquaintance with disposition and character formed on the questionable judgment of an anonymous rendezvous?

But to the replies: and here they are, transcribed most faithfully, with every peculiarity of orthography and punctuation copied. The words printed in italics were underlined in the originals; and, as is usual in female correspondence, betray a singular emphasizing of those entirely unimportant. When initials are used, I have changed them.

The first was written in a bad hand, which the writer had tried to make dashing by flourishes:—

'SIR—Having seen your advertisement in the ——— and wishing to enter into the holy state

'I am a perfect mucian both Instrumental and vocal and equally domesticated should this meet your *views* please to address ———,

Mr S. A.'

The next was better in the penmanship, and slightly scented: it was delivered with the preceding one:—

'Let me unprove of you not to think me immodest but your frank advertisement impels me from its Gentlemanly tone to think in you a consummation of my wishes may be found, remember that I rely implicitly on your honor when I thus confide I am 21 years of age of excellent family and am moving in an unexceptionable sphere. It would ill become me to speak of my beauty my figure tastes habits manners accomplishments or amiability of disposition nor should it be my task to pourtray the intellectual acquirements which are thought to enhance the value of all such gifts suffice it they have been enough to procure me many enviable offers but amongst them all there was not one whom I could truly love and none shall have my hand unaccompanied by my heart yet I have often longed for one to love and look to and to cling to with a woman's first affection. I snatch a few moments only left to our sex in the after dinner Drawing room or I would say more Answer this and be discreet as you are secret for I risk much in thus outstepping womans bounds through my desire to know you fully, Adieu.

'Address ———'

If this silly girl comes to see her epistle thus in print, she will learn at the same time how absurd must have been her fiddle-faddle sentiment, that created anything to 'cling to' in the unknown writer of a really very commonplace advertisement.

The next has higher pretensions:—

'SIR—If conquering the natural repugnance a woman must not unnaturally feel in replying to a matrimonial advertisement such as I now adventure upon she boldly braves the world's opinion and answers it what can she expect? scorn contempt and silence? Such would be the answer of many or of most, but such would not be could the inward workings of a much tried and long suffering heart be laid bare to the gaze. I would beg of you to believe that nothing but faith in manhood's truth which I would fain think would not wilfully trifle with feminine unprotectedness could prompt me to this step. I have for the last twelve years been thrown upon the world constrained to seek my bread upon the troubled waters of human life, and neither the strength nor the opportunity has been denied me. In years I number 29 summers, in person not unattractive, and for money I have nearly five hundred pounds and for my mental qualifications the fact of my having been for five years instructress to the ladies of ——— Esq' of

—— and other noble families must vouch. I can say no more, but destroy this letter and let no evidence remain of the weakness of, Sir,

yours,

E. M.

'Should you entertain this reply I will meet you in St ——— Park, on Wednesday evening after seven and before eight o'clock. I shall wear a Barège dress, blue with white stripe primrose coloured bonnet with feather and fall, and should you have a geranium in your coat I will accost you.'

There was something very displeasing in this letter—the attempts at 'fine' writing, and trash about 'manhood's truth,' and 'feminine unprotectedness,' more than counterbalanced the five hundred pounds. I hated also the sentence, 'In years I number 29 summers.' Why could not E. M. say she was nearly thirty?

No. 4 came to the point at once, as follows:—

'Miss F—— will be most happy to meet S A in

—— Square, on Thursday evening at 6 o'clock: Miss F will be dressed in a white silk bonnet, glacé silk cloak and dress, and will walk between the Nos. 30 and 48.'

This was written in a nice ladylike hand; so was No. 5, but hazy in composition, and without a stop the whole way through:—

'A lady aged 24 years possessing an amiable disposition agreeable manners and personal attractions would be happy to have an interview with the advertiser and the object may perhaps be best attained should he feel inclined to walk in the Clapham Road near Kennington Gate between the hours of 3 and 4 tomorrow afternoon and in order that no mistake should occur he should wear a piece of scarlet geranium in his button hole and carry an umbrella and should a lady inquire of him the way to Clapham he may conclude it is the writer To prevent misunderstanding she thinks it necessary to state that she has not any property and that she is a good musician and Vocalist.

June 26th.'

It is odd that two of the ladies should fix on a geranium as a mark of recognition. With these ready appointments on their sides, the wonder becomes, not so much that they should trust the author of the advertisement, as that they should think him likely to choose a companion for life under such circumstances. No. 6 was as follows:—

'SIR—In answering your advertisement in yesterday's Times respecting a matrimonial alliance I venture to treat with you for being left an orphan I find that I want a kind protector and one who would really make me his companion. My Age is twenty-five. I cannot boast of any property at present. My Education has been good but plain and without accomplishments I have been accustomed to the usages of society having lived as companion to a lady for several years Should you feel disposed to take any notice of this please to address to F. B. N. Post Office ——— St. St James's.'

No. 7:—

'E. N. F.—a young lady aged 22, of a highly-respectable family, residing in ———, being desirous to settle in life, with a view to render the home of some kind and worthy individual 'cheerful and happy' will have no objection to an introduction to S. A, believing his advertisement to be candid and honourable, should S A feel disposed to answer this, address ——— Post Office ——— until called for.'

'The writer of this does not sing or play, but the family is very musical.'

Even had I been inclined to have had my home rendered 'cheerful and happy' by the writer of the above, there was something uncomfortable in the notion of the musical 'family;' and the wording of the letter almost suggested the idea that I should be obliged to marry them all, thus bringing a concert about my ears that would soon have promoted discord. No. 8 was certainly more satisfactory, albeit its fine crowsquill hand took some trouble to decipher. It ran thus:—

'A young lady under 27 of good connexions and well educated, voice generally considered pleasing and fond of music, with a small income at present, anticipating property at a future period, fond of literature and retirement, (though if not presuming on being explicit in offering her sentiments, she considers vivacity at times agreeable and efficacious in smoothing the roughness of our path in this world) can meet S. A. in front of the — church, on Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.'

No. 9 was brief and inexplicit. It was written in a hand very like that used in making out manuscript washing bills; was entirely without stops, and betrayed some ignorance of composition, as will be seen:—

'Sir trusting you will excuse the liberty I have taken in intruding myself to your notice or writing to a stranger which is indeed very unlike me I am only on a visit from the country may I wait your reply in sincerity and truth your real sentiments and am yours respectfully
M. B. A.

'Address, post office —.'

No. 10 was equally deficient in detail, but better written. The lady had, however, odd notions of capitals, which were used as shown:—

'Sir—It is with great reluctance I assure you that I take the liberty of Addressing you without the Introduction generally expected on such Occasions but I am happy to say my Character is such that it will bear the Strictest investigation and my Family is respectable your answer will Oblige your Obedient Servant S. J.
'Address, Post Office — road.'

There were two or three followed in the same style—written in neat feminine hands, all claiming to be under 25, with a slight knowledge of music, and expectations of small sums. One expressed a long-felt wish 'to be united to a party of gentlemanly habits and good family.' Another requested that all letters might be posted (an address was given, and I found from 'Kelly's Directory' it was a correct one) so as to arrive between 11 and 4: I presume whilst the father or guardian was 'in the city,' as it was dated from a suburb.

No. 14 was, to my thinking, the most agreeable of the lot. It was beautifully written, and well punctuated:—

'Sir—Having seen your advertisement, allow me first to state my age which is twenty-one. I am generally considered to be possessed of pleasing manners; but that, of course, may be owing to the partiality of friends. I possess but a very slight knowledge of music, but for the gratification of a person I loved should be but too happy to acquire it; and last, but not least to be mentioned, is what I fear may prove the barrier to a further acquaintance—namely, that my hand and heart are all I have to offer. Possibly some pecuniary arrangement may be necessary to your views, if so permit me to wish you a successful termination to your suit, and to remain

Your unknown correspondent

L. S. A.

Should you deem this worthy a reply, address to me at

the Post Office. —. Pentonville, to be left until called for.'

I was almost sorry that, to all appearances, so nice a girl should have answered the advertisement; but this public reproof—private so far as she herself is concerned—will do her good.

The last was the longest, and the writer laid some claims to being a poet. The hand was good, and apparently known to be so, for the letter was written with care: but it was on embossed paper—such as we see valentines on—and sealed with fancy wax. Let us see what it said:—

'Sir—Having seen an advertisement in the — of last week, from a gentleman requiring a wife, permit me to offer myself as a candidate.

'I am the eldest daughter of a highly respectable tradesman, carrying on an extensive business at the West End. I am of a medium height, prepossessing appearance and lady-like manners: and I may say, without presumption, that it is my good fortune to be gifted with three choice blessings—excellent health, a sweet temper, and a contented disposition. My age is twenty three, and I am of the established church. I have been well educated and accustomed to good society; and am thoroughly conversant with all necessary household duties. My friends and connexions are of the highest respectability. With regard to pecuniary affairs I have not any settled income at present, being at home with my friends.

'Should you think this communication worthy of notice you will oblige me by addressing a reply to

F. C. L.

Post Office
Brook St.'

(The following lines were enclosed:—)

'In choosing a Husband, the man to my mind,
Must be sensible, gentle, benevolent, kind;
Of a temper quite firm, yet devoid of self-will,
If on good once resolved, pursuing it still;
Of a spirit so great as to keep out of debt,
And at troubles unsought for, disdaining to fret.
I'd have him be lively, yet not void of thinking,
All gaming detesting, and not fond of drinking,
With a heart to enjoy what his hands may have got,
Contented and cheerful whatever our lot;
I'd have him esteemed by the good and the wise,
Not a man of the world, though striving to rise;
He must love me too well, at small errors to frown,
And with me at his table sit happily down.'

Here, then, ended my correspondence. Seriously, it was somewhat depressing to see so many aspirants to an imaginary hand: and I began to think there was some truth in a theory lately started in society, that husbands are becoming extinct. As I have stated, all these letters had an air of truth—there was no attempt at disguised handwriting in any of them: and they were evidently penned by females. To these, I would now repeat my opinion of the silliness of thus replying to the advertisement.

Let them think, for one minute, of the risk they ran in so doing. Suppose—and nothing would have been easier—I had handed over their letters to any of my young men friends, and told each to pursue the subject and see what came of it, for another article: how seriously they might have been compromised!

Or suppose, again, that I had given them all an appointment, at the same time, in the street before my house, and then sat at the window with my friends, for our amusement. Worse jokes than this have been played upon persons less culpable of running their heads into a trap. Fortunately for them I had a fixed serious

purpose from the beginning: and this I kept entirely to myself until the present moment. Nobody has seen the letters but myself, and they will now be destroyed, so that all traces of the writers will be obliterated. Their contents will only appear in this present warning: and I trust that my fair countrywomen will profit by it: and regard me rather as a friend, than a betrayer, of 'unprotected females.'

So much for my advertisement. My other experiences have been gained from those that I have answered myself: and a wonderful new world they have opened to me. Certainly the old proverb, that one-half of us does not know how the other lives is far above the mark: rather say one quarter knows nothing of the other three.

A. S.

LONDON GOSSIP.

July 1850.

THE dispersive quality of heat is well exhibited here, in the mighty capital at this time: the fervour of a July temperature is too much for even metropolitan allurements. From the Queen of the realm to the queen of the household, all who can are on the wing, or giving the preparatory flapping. Other as well as canine noses scent the game: the Opera and the session are both sighing their last; there are no more feasts, and so sportsmen are speeding northwards for moorfool. Cheap excursion trains, and trips to the continent, enable not a few for a brief period to shake off the 'strong urgencies' of business, and recruit themselves for another twelvemonth of toil. While those who cannot or will not flit, creep about in the stripe of shade wherever they can find it, with the bewailing remark, 'How empty town is!'

Gossip is, therefore, as may be expected, desultory, and I can promise you little more than sundry gleanings, the last of the season. Whether they can be made to serve with dilution until the stir begins again, remains to be seen. Our learned and scientific societies have begun their long vacation after crowding all arrears of work into their last evening meeting. At the Civil Engineers, papers were read on lattice, lift, and tubular bridges, on malleable iron, railways, and locks and keys. It appears that the oldest lock known is of Egyptian manufacture; its age is 4000 years: Chubb has not so much to boast of after all; notwithstanding that his locks with six tumblers are capable of 86,400 different combinations, which number, by a very slight change in the key, is increased to 864,000; and taking the three different sizes of keys, the whole number of changes would be nearly 8,000,000. Another paper was about 'printing machines.' On which subject we are told that 'on the 7th May 1850, the Times and Supplement contained seventy-two columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The Supplement was sent to press at 7:30 p.m.; the first form of the paper at 4:15 a.m., and the second at 4:45 a.m.; on this occasion 7000 papers were published before 6:15 a.m.; 21,000 papers before 7:30 a.m.; and 34,000 before 8:45 a.m., or in about four hours. The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on 1st March 1848, when the paper used weighed seven tons, the weight usually required being four and a-half tons; the surface to be printed every night, including the Supplement, is thirty acres: the weight of the fount of type in constant use is seven

tons; and 110 compositors, and 25 pressmen, are constantly employed.' Besides this power in living muscle, there are three machines of four cylinders each, and two with vertical cylinders, all employed in manufacturing news for the four quarters of the globe.

A batch of papers was read at the closing meeting of the Royal Society; among them an important one by Mr Newport on the generation of reptiles, in which some hitherto-unsettled points are determined; one also by Lord Rosse on the nebulae as they appear in the reflector of the monster telescope. One of them, spiral formed, is a most extraordinary and magnificent object, inciting to grand speculation on stellar formation and movement. We are to know something more about these by and by, if the sky and the atmosphere will but be propitious. To descend from celestial to terrestrial matters: Faraday has given a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 'philosophy of water and ice.' A huge lump of Norway ice which stood before him served him for illustration and experiment. Perfect ice contains no air; it behaves in certain cases as airless water does, which will not boil until heated to 300 degrees, and then it explodes; so ice explodes when melted and boiled under oil; as the lecturer showed by small lumps dissolved and heated in flasks. Pressure, too, has much to do with thawing and freezing: under very great pressure, water will not freeze at 32 degrees.

Of course you know—at least you and every one else ought to know—that the bill to abolish intramural interments has passed the Commons: the sooner it becomes a law the better. The Sewers' Commission are at work: they mean to commence their great task of drainage on the 'Surrey side': this is as it should be, the worst first. And we are promised that from Vauxhall down to Deptford no sewer shall discharge its contents into the Thames. The grand outlet for the south bank will be below Deptford, and contrived so as to flow only at the fall of the tide. If saving the river from pollution is to be the essential principle of the new system, we shall have good reason to congratulate ourselves. We are told, too, that no needless delays will occur; that 580 miles of sewer have been surveyed and levelled on the north side; that 100 miles more remain to be done; that the survey map will comprise 900 sheets, 270 of which are engraved, and all the rest in hand, besides 44 sheets of the reduced map. If the Commission do really perform their promises, they will better deserve to hoist the besom as their standard than did the doughty old Dutchman Van Tromp.

Philosophers abroad are working diligently at many interesting branches of physical science: magneto and muscular electricity, dia-magnetism, vegetable and animal physiology: Matteucci in Italy, Boia-Reymond, Weber, Reichenbach, and Dove in Germany. The two maps of isothermal lines for every month in the year, lately published by the last-mentioned *savant*, are remarkable and most valuable proofs of scientific insight and research. If they are to be depended on, there is but one pole of cold, situate in Northern America; that supposed to exist in the Asiatic continent disappears when the monthly means are taken. These maps will be highly useful to the meteorologist, and indeed to students of natural philosophy generally, and will suggest other and more extended results. Among the memoirs brought before the Natural History Society of Vienna, is one by M. Frauenfeld on 'the limits which nature puts to the too great abundance of insects.' The great differences in the numbers of insects in different seasons is attributed by this author in great part to the unequal proportions of the sexes. When females predominate, the species will be very abundant the fol-

lowing year; but as nature never permits a permanent disturbance, the equilibrium is re-established, and in turn the males are most numerous, which reduces the species to infinitely weaker proportions. Another cause consists in contagious maladies, which, according to the seasons, attack some, and spare others. Variations of temperature, the absence or presence of snow, unequal numbers of insectivorous birds, are also causes of irregularity in the numbers of insects; and last, the unequal appearance of one species generally produces an unequal appearance of another to feed it off.

A communication from M. Trémaux, an Abyssinian traveller, has been presented to the French Academy by M. Geoffroy St Hilaire: it gives an account of the sudden difference which occurs in the races of men and animals near Fa Zoglo, in the vicinity of the Blue Nile. The shores of this stream are inhabited by a race of Caucasian origin, whose sheep have woolly coats; but at a few miles' distance, in the mountains of Zaby and Akaro, negro tribes are found whose sheep are hairy. According to M. Trémaux, 'the differences and changes are due to two causes: the one, that vegetable nature, having changed in aspect and production, attracts and supports certain species, while others no longer appear, or the individuals are fewer. As for the second cause, it is the more surprising, since it produces opposite effects on the same point: where man has no longer silken, but woolly hair, there the sheep ceases to be covered with wool.'

M. St Hilaire remarked on these facts, that the degree of domestication of animals is proportional to the degree of civilisation of those who possess them. Among savage people dogs are nearly all alike, and not far removed from the wolf or jackal; while among civilised races there is an almost endless variety—the greater part far removed from the primitive type. Are we to infer from this that negroes will cease to be negroes by dint of civilisation—that wool will give place to hair, and *vice versa*? If so, a wide field is opened for experiment and observation.

M. Flourens, secretary of the Academy, communicates some particulars relative to the action of certain substances when injected into the arteries. He finds 'that some act on the motive power (*motricity*): only: these are sulphuric and acetic ether, &c. camphor, chloroform, essences of turpentine, mint, and rosemary. Others act on the sensibility without affecting motricity: these are bases of the lycopode, hemlock, &c. And further, that the substances which bring on muscular paralysis, some (the ethers above-mentioned) produce the effect by causing a relaxation of the muscular fibre; while such as chloroform cause the paralysis by a tetanic contraction of the muscles. Apropos of this part of the subject, the author of a paper read before the Royal Society at its last meeting, shows that animal growth, in common with vegetable growth, depends on the formation of cells—that cells cannot be formed without the presence of phosphate and oxalate of lime; consequently that the exhibition of phosphate of lime is the remedy for wasting of the muscular fibre, or loss of flesh.

During the past winter Biot worked for several months at a series of careful experiments, to prove that water, when approaching its point of congelation, has no influence on polarised light, and demonstrates its negative in a very satisfactory manner. The effects of certain liquids on the phenomenon in question had led to the supposition that a freezing liquid would show similar results: but now the question is set at rest; the experiments, as Biot says, were made with such scrupulousness, they will not need to be repeated. M. Latour states that inflammatory diseases of the skin may be cured by maintaining the part at a low temperature, and excluding the action of air; and for the latter part of the process, proposes the application of an impermeable coating. A method of preventing the entrance of flies into a room is put forward by M. Delamarre. The plan is, to stretch a net across the open

window or door, which proves an effectual barrier, although the meshes may be sufficiently wide to afford a passage—a fact explained by the supposition that the flies fear a snare. Let me complete these foreign gleanings by two domestic items—the one that, according to the Lancashire central committee, Mechanics' Institutes are more and more declining; the working-classes alumn them—a proof, is it not, that those associations do not supply the want felt, or supposed to be felt, by mechanics! And the other, that a project is talked of for rapid steam communication from Holyhead to Dublin by means of a steamer of 12,000 or 15,000 tons burthen, 1200 horse-power, which is to make the passage in three hours, and by its steadiness in the water, preserve the passengers from seasickness.

Our astronomical circles have been set on the *qui vive* by a paper just published in New England on a new theory of planetary movement and perturbation. The setting forth of such a question in the present day may be compared to a throwing down of the glove in the days of knight-errantry; it is straightway picked up by a host of competitors, and is tested and discussed in twenty different ways till its true character has been demonstrated. Ethnology, too, is a subject which our transatlantic neighbours are taking up with their accustomed vivacity; some of their theories are entirely opposed to that of the late Dr Prichard. Dr Morton has laid before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia a paper containing the results of his long-continued researches on the size of the cranium. He has examined and measured 623 skulls of different races, and concludes therefrom that—1. The Teutonic, or German race, embracing, as it does, the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Irish, &c. possess a larger brain than any other people. 2. The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians. 3. The barbarous tribes of America have a much larger brain than the demi-civilised Peruvians or Mexicans. 4. The ancient Egyptians, whose civilisation antedates that of all other people (Mr Layard says otherwise), and whose country has been justly called 'the cradle of the arts and sciences,' have the least-sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos; for the very few Semitic heads will hardly permit them to be admitted into the comparison. 5. The negro brain is 9 cubic inches smaller than the Teutonic, and 3 cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptian. 6. The largest skull in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives 114 cubic inches; and the smallest, 58 cubic inches, belonged to an old Peruvian, the difference between these two extremes being not less than 56 cubic inches. 7. The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian. And last, it appears that whatever may be the distortion, the capacity is not altered. These facts are curious, and valuable so far as they go; the doctor's conclusions have, however, been disputed, so for the present their true scientific value is not established. In how far they assist the great question of the unity of the human species remains to be proved. In Germany another branch of the subject has been taken up in two works published at Halle: one, a 'dissertation on the country inhabited by the Celts, upon the affinity of their language with that of the Indo-Germanic populations, and the influence which their mythology had in the formation of the legends of the middle ages'; the other is 'Considerations on Celtic antiquities, on the Celts in general, and principally on the Celts in Germany,' &c. So you see an inquiring spirit is at work, which is not likely to rest till some further light has been thrown on the subject.

There is nothing especially notable in the way of literature. 'Tours,' 'Travels,' and 'Wanderings,' in rather more than the usual sprinkling, have, it is true, been thrust into print; but one is at a loss to know with what object, unless it be to show in how many

variations a guide-book may be produced. Albert Smith's 'Month at Constantinople' is spoken of as a pleasant exception, one that discusses the obverse and reverse of travel with no little philosophy and shrewdness. All by itself stands Alfred Tennyson's new volume, 'In Memoriam': the first edition was all sold in two or three weeks. Its publication has added to the author's reputation, and widened the circle of his admirers. The way in which the spirit of the poems rises from the despair of grief to the hopefulness of resignation is touching, true, and beautiful, and will waken responses in many a heart. The individual whose death is therein lamented in such mournful music was the son of him to whom we are indebted for the History of the Middle Ages. It will be news to many to learn that the poet has ceased to lead a single life, and entered on that domestic state whose joys he has more than once described.

You will perhaps remember my telling you some time ago of the prize awarded to Max Müller by the French Academy for his philological essays? we have now something further from the same learned author: 'The Rig-Veda-Samhita, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins;' or Veda of Praise. These writings are said to be some of the very oldest examples of literature, perhaps more ancient than the Hebrew Scriptures; and when the intimate connection between Sanscrit and the languages of Europe is borne in mind, some idea may be formed of the value of such a work to the philosopher, philologist, ethnologist, historian, &c. Being printed in the original character, it is of course beyond popular comprehension, or elucidation except by a scholar. Dr Müller, however, will himself in some measure smoothe the difficulty, as he is about to publish on Sanscrit, and the relation of other languages to it, a task for which his labours have well prepared him. The Brahmins, it is said, at first threw many obstacles in the way, refusing to furnish necessary manuscripts; but their scruples were at last overcome. This volume, which is the first of four, to be all of equal bulk, comprises a thousand pages: the author has been at work upon it for five years, and has diligently availed himself of the resources in the libraries of Paris, London, and Oxford. It is published at the charge of the East India Company, who have very praiseworthy presented copies to numerous learned and scientific bodies at home and abroad.

Foreign literature—French and German—is beginning to be less charged with elementary works on political and social economy than of late. It would appear that notwithstanding all our vaunted progress, we need to be continually reminded of first principles—of what is right and wrong in regard to ourselves and others. One of these works—'Harmonies Economiques'—has just been published by M. Bastiat, a name favourably known in this country. The aim of the writer is to show 'that in spite of the declamations of certain sophists against the exigencies of society, against the limits opposed to individual liberty, it remains proved that, to develop himself as an intelligent and perfectible being, man requires the co-operation of his fellows; that without this association he would soon perish of hunger and cold in isolation. . . . In a material as well as moral point of view, happiness is relative—it is proportioned to the extent of wants; and to seek for equality in this respect, is to establish a yoke which would be so much the more insupportable, as it is in the nature of man to aspire ceaselessly to the improvement of his condition. In proportion as his desires are satisfied, others spring up not less ardent or imperious; and the social state, in not assigning narrow or insurmountable limits to this ambition, has, at one and the same time, responded to the intention of the Creator, and applied the principle of community in a manner much more fruitful than all the systems proposed as substitutes for it. The object of man's organization is to place himself in harmony with the order which reigns in that of the universe, where we everywhere see variety in unity. But that

he may accomplish this work, free competition must be left to individual efforts. It is here that true equality is found, the only possible, which consists in liberty of action to each one in his sphere, so that he may participate, according to his capacity, in the production and distribution of the social wealth. The greater part of the miseries and sufferings of which society is accused as the author, have no other cause than the numerous obstacles which impede the spring of free competition. Instead of calling on government to constitute itself administrator of all individual transactions, its function should be reduced to the task (sufficiently important) of watching over the public safety, repressing anti-social passions, keeping up and perfecting modes of communication, so that trade may be assured of a more and more complete development.'

One more item and then: Lamartine has published a dramatic poem, 'Toussaint L'Ouverture,' which, as its title indicates, represents the revolution in Hayti. The most stirring scene is that in which the troops under Leclerc arrive from France: Toussaint, desirous of learning their plans, feigns blindness, by turning the whites of his eyes outwards—a power with which the poet endows him—and enters the enemy's camp with a guide. He lives there some time unsuspected, and is one day admitted to the council, to hear a message which he is to convey to himself—the leader of the blacks. A negro captain, one of the rebels, enters, and, from spite, offers himself and his troop to Leclerc, and is about to detail all the plans of the insurgents, when Toussaint, suddenly reversing his eyes, rushes on the traitor, kills him with a dagger stroke, and then plunging into the sea, escapes amid a shower of balls. He joins his army, gives the signal for action, troops rush in, the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry are heard, and with this first crash of battle the curtain falls.

MR ARTHUR'S INFALLIBLE JUDGMENTS.

We had not been long settled in the pretty village of S—, where to us the sunshine seemed brighter than elsewhere, and the spring blossoms more luxuriant, when our father signified that we might expect an immediate visit from Mr Arthur—a gentleman of whom we had frequently heard, but whom we had never seen. This announcement occasioned great excitement among us, seeing that we were spinsters of various ages, which need not be particularly specified; hence it may naturally be inferred that the said Mr Arthur was a young eligible 'match,' or at least not a positively old and obstinate bachelor. Nevertheless, Mr Arthur was old, was a bachelor vowed to celibacy, and, moreover, had no fortune to bequeath on his decease, as he merely enjoyed a life-annuity—a fact he made universally public. Our father always spoke of Mr Arthur with the warmest attachment: they had been friends from boyhood; but we 'girls' ever heard his name with a certain degree of awe attached to it. And now he was actually coming to domesticate with us, to take notes by our hearth-side of our sayings and doings!

As the time appointed for his visit approached, we all became quite nervous and fidgety, much to our dear father's amusement; nor did he in the least spare our nerves, dilating on the accounts we had hitherto received of this formidable personage, until we almost came to regard him as something 'no quite canny.' Report said that Mr Arthur was so close an observer of character—having devoted his life to the study—that the most hidden things in human hearts were open to his penetration. Mr Arthur did not possess second-sight, he did not prophesy the future; but no mystery or concealment of any kind whatsoever was too deep for his discernment to unravel: in short, his eyes read thoughts and motives as ours read print, and the most wonderful stories were in circulation respecting him. He could pick the black sheep out of the flock, though dyed white for company hours!—he could bring forth the bruised dove which hid its gentle head beneath its wing, and needed, but received

no fostering care!—he could detect the 'falsetto' of a husband's 'my dear,' or a wife's submissive demeanour! Alack for the frailties of human kind, what a set of cowards he made us! But fortunately, while wielding such formidable power, Mr Arthur was said never to exert it unkindly: he was benevolence itself—feared by the bad, and loved by the good.

'And who are the good?' said our Eldest; 'for we each know our secret sins and infirmities, and we dare not call ourselves good, even when striving most to resist evil.'

'Ah, dearest Mary,' we exclaimed in chorus, 'you can have nothing to fear from Mr Arthur's mysterious reading: your heart is a pure unsullied page.' But sister Mary shook her head and sighed.

We revered and loved her as the pattern of all womanly virtue; and if she is afraid of being known,' said we, 'what will become of us?' We privately expressed earnest wishes that Mr Arthur were in Australia or at the North Pole; for when with the most finished actresses this wizard always managed to obtain a sly peep behind the scenes, what had we untutored simple lasses to expect? Nothing less than that all our follies, weaknesses, and delinquencies, should be dragged forth and exposed piecemeal!

Great was our surprise, therefore, on first beholding the formidable old gentleman; and vast was our relief when, after a few days' domestication, we came to the conclusion that report had exaggerated in this case, as in many others, and that Mr Arthur was not to be feared after all. Our sister Mary, indeed, said nothing; we could not get her to speak: she only smiled, and answered, 'We must ask Mr and Mrs Sedley here to dinner.'

But before saying a word about this couple, Mr Arthur must be more particularly introduced to notice. He was a small spare person, critically neat in his attire; but with an absolutely silly expression of countenance. This was partly owing to his always having his mouth open—gaping about as it were—with constantly downcast eyes—eyes of the lightest blue when visible—inexpressive and quiet. Mr Arthur always wore his hat on the very back of his head—we often wondered how it kept on at all—his white hairs streaming down to his shoulders. He spoke little, was a great walker, reader of the newspapers, and chess-player, and made himself as much at home with us as if we had all been brought up together.

We detected no covert watchfulness, no stealthy observations, and our suspicions were lulled: we became free and easy, as if no Mr Arthur basked in the sunshine of our dear fireside. Once, indeed, we experienced an alarm: our father and his friend were apparently deeply engrossed with a long-contested game of chess, and two of us girls differing about some trifle, a hasty word was spoken. Our voices were raised but a semitone; but we saw Mr Arthur regarding us from out the corners of his meek blue eyes—furtively, with downcast lids, but still regarding us. We looked at each other, and made our escape from the room as quickly as possible. 'Then it is true after all, and he is reading us!' we exclaimed; but the alarm passed away, and we began to think we must have been mistaken—Mr Arthur was so absent, so devoid of interest in everything going forward around him; while our sister Mary, pursuing the even tenor of her way, unruffled, and in the performance of daily duties, merely said with a pleasant smile, 'Let us ask the Sedleys to dinner.' Now we all perfectly understood what our Eldest meant by asking the Sedleys to dinner, and the inference to draw from it, which was this—that Mr Arthur was a mysterious reader of human kind, and that the Sedleys were to be read by him. However, this by no means set our minds at rest regarding ourselves, though it called off our attention to a subject which had been canvassed among us for many months, with various opinions thereon: this subject was the Sedleys themselves, and their true characters.

They resided about a mile from the village in a dilapidated sort of half-farmhouse called Elder-trees, from the vicinity of many of these trees, surrounding a large dark pool of water, where Mr Sedley bred tench. Elder-trees was a quiet, neglected spot: there was a certain aspect of desolation and hopelessness about it which seemed to hint that in the home something was wanting—something indefinable; but whether a master or mistress's ruling hand, who could say? Mr Sedley was an athletic, finely-formed man of fifty or thereabouts; an amateur farmer and enthusiastic sportsman: he was considered an extremely handsome personage by those who admired a florid complexion, Roman nose, and curling jet hair. These personal attractions were united to a jovial hearty manner, which, if not refined, was not absolutely ungentelemanly: he was a great talker on all topics, and liked to be thought a clever man; our Eldest had found out this weak point. She had also hinted at other failings, but we turned a deaf ear to aught that disparaged our favourite. In short, Mr Sedley was a popular person—his wife quite the reverse: the world is easily deceived by appearances—mere surface-work passes current—whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones! Mrs Sedley was less than half her husband's age, though she had been married many years; she was a pale, young creature, and usually pronounced plain, but with fine eyes. Her manners were nervously timid and cold; she spoke little, and seemed averse to society: matrons shook their sagacious heads, and whispered that they pitied poor Mr Sedley—he had much to endure from his wife's habitual ill-health and peevishness; he spoiled her, indulged her fancies, coaxed and coddled her into fancying herself an invalid! Witness how often, when they were invited out together, Mr Sedley made his appearance alone—pleading headache, or some other convenient ailment, as an excuse for Josephine's absence; and often when Mrs Sedley kept her engagement, swollen eyes, as if from weeping, and manners marked by melancholy, rendered her society more of a bore than a pleasure. Mr Sedley on these occasions evinced great concern and tenderness towards Mrs Sedley; while she—sulky thing! said the ladies—gave no answering sign in return for all this obvious demonstration of affection. Our Eldest was wont to say that she disliked Mr Sedley's eyes—she mistrusted their glance—'for the tongue may deceive,' said Mary, 'but rarely the eye.' We who had been accustomed to see Mrs Sedley only in her quiescent state, were not a little surprised at the change we witnessed one evening when she came to us during the unavoidable absence of her husband on some business matters. Her hilarious laugh, beautiful eyes lit up by animation, and her heightened colour, made us doubt her identity: this gay, pretty creature, the moping, sickly Mrs Sedley? And when, on departing, she gracefully thanked us for a 'happy evening,' there was a tremor and sadness in her voice which seemed to say, 'happy hours are rare with me.' Nevertheless we girls continued to lean towards the side of the strong; and though our sister Mary pronounced Mrs Sedley 'no ordinary being,' we failed to discover any attractions in her silence, pale, jaded looks, and unsocial habits; so we perfectly understood Mary's placid smile when she said, 'We will invite them to dinner, and introduce them to Mr Arthur.'

For once in a way, they both came. Mrs Sedley was looking her best, but not as we had seen her on 'the happy evening'; she sat next Mr Arthur, and contrary to his habit, the old gentleman paid much attention to his timid neighbour, and drew her into conversation. She often glanced uneasily towards her husband; but he, after once or twice regarding Mr Arthur, seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and gave himself no further concern about his wife, but betook himself to an adjoining apartment where there was a 'rubber' in preparation. We heard Mrs Sedley's low gentle laugh; we heard her sweet voice; and Mary, by a warning look, cautioned us not to disturb the couple,

so pleasantly engaged, and apparently so well pleased with each other. Mr Arthur's face no longer portrayed vacancy; he was earnest, interested, and spiritual; yes, actually spiritual, as he gazed upwards with those deeply-set eyes, and put back his flowing silver locks from his high forehead. We overheard them: they were revelling in the dream-lands of poesy, and our Eldest said tenderly, gazing upon the now lovely Josephine, 'Poor thing, 'twere pity to bring her back to earth again.'

Mr Arthur had many opportunities after this of reading the Sedleys, and we believed he had succeeded in doing so most thoroughly; but whatever was the result of his observations, with his usual prudence, they remained undivulged. We had suspicions, indeed, that he had dropped hints to our sister Mary, for she often looked sadly at Mrs Sedley, the tears coming into her eyes, while her manner towards Mr Sedley was more distant than formerly. Honest soul! she never gave the cordial hand or friendly greeting but as they came truthfully from her heart. Much we marvelled that Mary attempted no intimacy with Mrs Sedley, seldom went to Elder-trees; but whenever she met that lady, which was indeed but rarely, we remarked a loving cordiality in her mode of address which few persons elicited. She could not help showing what she felt, and Mr Sedley became stiff and distant proportionably. Was conscience whispering a rebuke, or did he feel himself misjudged?

Well, time rolled on; changes came with time, and when some of us married, and left the village of S—, we forgot all about Mr Arthur, the Sedleys, and village gossip in general. I had been abroad with my husband for many years, and the first Christmas after our return to England was passed at the old-fashioned hospitable mansion presided over by my husband's mother. She was an octogenarian, but a lively, charming old lady. There were other guests expected, and amongst the rest, we were told a Colonel and Mrs Devereux were coming, of whom my mother-in-law spoke in raptures. 'They were so gifted, so gay and delightful, so fond of each other; the bloom of their love quite refreshing to witness—their story was so romantic too.' Thus the lively ancient ran on, exciting our curiosity to the utmost, but refusing to gratify it until we had become acquainted with the 'charming pair.'

Could it be possible?—did not my eyes deceive me? or did I, indeed, behold in Mrs Colonel Devereux the cidevant Mrs Sedley of Elder-trees?—Mrs Sedley as I had seen her on the 'happy evening' in our cheerful home at S—, far more radiant and beautiful than then; as young in appearance too, for happiness is an unfailing renovator. She recognised me instantly, her colour changed, and her voice faltered; but as she turned towards her husband, whispering a few words in his ear, I read by the glance that passed between them a history of perfect sympathy and wedded happiness. We spoke of Mr Arthur; he had not been long dead; and I learnt that he had been Colonel Devereux's guardian and dearest friend. When I heard the singular episodes of Josephine's past life, I ceased to wonder at the almost mysterious veneration she cherished towards his memory. It gladdened the heart of our Eldest when the following particulars were duly transmitted to her, for the best of us like to find we have not erred in our judgments:—

Mr Sedley met with an accident shortly after we left S—, which brought on a lingering complaint, ultimately causing his death. During the two years he lingered between the confines of time and eternity, Mrs Sedley was an unremitting and devoted nurse, never quitting her husband's sick couch, and being nearly worn to a shadow when death at length released the sufferer. Mr Sedley's death brought also a release from suffering to her; for it is more than probable had she not been blest with an excellent constitution, the one drop of water which had for years been falling on her head, would have penetrated the brain, and wrought ruin to the delicate fabric of humanity. Mr

Sedley left the whole of his property to his wife; it amounted to about £400 a year, but hampered with the proviso, that in the event of her contracting a second marriage, she was to forfeit all claim to it, unless the aspirant to her hand possessed an income to the same amount, subject to no contingencies or casualties, such as business or speculation might engender. He also placed a small casket in Mrs Sedley's hands, exacting from her a solemn promise that in the event of her accepting an offer of marriage after his decease, whether forfeiting her income or not, she would deliver the said casket into the custody of her intended husband, charging him to examine the contents immediately, to examine them alone, and to receive them as a legacy bequeathed by the dead, for her sake and his.

Mrs Sedley gave the required promise, and accepted the trust; her sensitive, tender heart shrank from refusing a dying man's last request; but there was a look in his eyes when the vow was spoken which made her heart sink within her. What could that casket contain? Ah, it will never be opened! thought Mrs Sedley, for I have had enough of matrimony; and who would think of a crushed and faded flower when spring-buds are opening in glory all around.

Her first marriage had been to please her parents: within three years after Mr Sedley's decease she met Captain Devereux, and now thought of marrying to please herself. His income was nearly double her own, hereditary landed property: he loved and wooed her; nor when she had whispered the final 'yes' was the remembrance of the casket forgotten. She loosened the key from a chain which hung around her neck, and gave it to Captain Devereux as he quitted her side with a curiosity to penetrate the secret almost equal to her own. He found nothing within save a letter, and it contained but few words: it was as a voice from the grave, long confined within those iron bands, but bursting forth at length to light, in hollow murmurs of dim import. The dead addressed the living: the purport was to rescue a brother man from irremediable misery, in a solemn warning to abstain from wedding Josephine Sedley, whose specious arts would be all exerted to appear in a fair light: 'but beware of her; turn away and flee ere it be too late, and your doom sealed for life.' Thus it concluded. The handwriting was that of the late Mr Sedley, and it bore his well-known signature.

Incredible in fiction would these particulars appear, but we are dealing with facts, and painting men and women as they really acted and felt. Captain Devereux was excessively shocked and startled as he perused and reperused the extraordinary missive. Josephine had studiously avoided speaking of her first husband or her former life, and seemed fluttered and pained by any reference to that topic; her health was still variable, and she often betrayed an uneasy restlessness of manner, which might indeed be attributed to many causes. Captain Devereux regarded it as an evidence of a sensitive disposition, too prone to dwell on early sorrows or disappointments, for he could not look on Josephine without feeling the conviction that she had known suffering. He did not hesitate on the course to pursue, but laid her deceased husband's letter before Mrs Sedley, watching her intently as she read it. Her countenance changed not, but tears coursed down her pale cheeks as she merely exclaimed, 'It is cruel thus to persecute me from the grave! but oh, Edward, turning to Devereux, 'you do not believe this?' Her eyes beamed with love and truthfulness, and his suspicions, if he had momentarily indulged any, were disowned at once; but Josephine's wounded heart had noted the transient shadow, intangible to all but her, and she sank down weeping bitterly, burying her face in her hands. No persuasions could induce her to divulge aught connected with her past history save the general outlines of family and fortune. She always gave one answer: 'A wife's lips ought to be inviolably sealed during life, and death may not dissolve the spell.'

A sad change crept over the young widow from this time; her cheek became paler and paler, and like one quite weary and exhausted with the struggle of life: even her lover had not power to rouse the bruised spirit. That fatal letter had cast a blight over her from the grave; and she at length summoned up resolution to tell Captain Devereux that their engagement must end: she had no power to disprove the cruel statement so fearfully made.

'Your whole future life, my Josephine, will disprove it,' he exclaimed. But her morbid sensitiveness would in all probability have caused her to shrink from ever becoming his wife, had not Mr Arthur providentially made his appearance at this juncture, and set all things to rights. The worthy old gentleman had been absent on a foreign tour, and great was his delight when he found that his young friend's future bride was the Mrs Sedley in whom he had been so deeply interested when at S—. He heard the story of the casket from Captain Devereux, its effect on Josephine, her refusal to exculpate herself by casting blame on the departed; and Mr Arthur's blue eyes sparkled as he rubbed his hands exultingly, saying, 'Right again, my boy—right again. I am never wrong in my judgments—never shall be. She is a noble creature, though perhaps a little too over-refined and fastidious, if that be possible. I read both her and her deceased tyrant—yes, you may start, for tyrant he was, and of the kind that breaks a woman's heart in the dreariest manner—under a show of kindness! Talents, hopes, health, all buried beneath his overwhelming selfishness and egotism, for I made myself acquainted with their private history. My heart bled for the poor young creature; but I said to myself, "None can save her: her doom is fixed: death is her only release;" and death, you see, did release her.'

'But did Mr Sedley positively ill-use his wife, my dear sir—surely he would not have dared to do that?' questioned Captain Devereux with flashing eyes.

'Well, he didn't beat her certainly; but mark me, Devereux, he was *jealous*—jealous as a man, jealous as an inferior—for he knew her superiority of mind to his own, and he quailed beneath that knowledge, and crushed her down. He was old enough to be her father, and he married her as a child; but the child became a woman, and his jealous love might almost have been termed hate; for it was not only those of his own sex on whom he looked with suspicion when they approached his wife, but women shared the same fate, and he grudged her a female friend. They had no children, and poor Josephine endeavoured to supply the void by dumb pets, on whom she lavished perhaps too much attention. Mr Sedley destroyed these more than once: the very books she read he disliked; and he was never satisfied unless she was darning his stockings, mending or making, or assisting in culinary preparations for his gratification! Women, he said, were fit for nothing else. He hated fine ladies; and he ought by rights to have married his cook. He had no pride in her beauty or talents. He was a handsome man, wished to be thought a clever one; and so he domineered over his wife, who had not spirit or power to check or stem the torrent of violence, which for long intervals slumbered, and cozed forth drop by drop on the victim's devoted head. He left her material, but endeavoured to wrest from her all spiritual comfort, for he knew the effect such a letter would have on her tender mind. In my opinion, Sedley ought to have been placed in a lunatic asylum; and if he had not been taken off as he was, I have no doubt he would soon have killed Josephine. Few women would have endured ten years of jealous madness as she did, so heroically and silently withal. *I'll* be answerable for her future conduct, Devereux,' continued Mr Arthur smiling; 'and now fix the day for the wedding; and tell her all I have told you.' Presently he added in a more serious tone, 'Tend the flower: place it in your bosom: though faded, it will revive with warmth and care, and repay you a thousandfold with its rich perfume.'

Mr Arthur lived long enough to watch the expanding blossom in all its summer beauty, and to rejoice that he had been made the instrument of saving one, so gentle and good as Josephine, from despair.

'Ah,' said our Eldest when she heard the tale, 'I am so glad I thought of asking the Sedleys to dinner.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CHLOROFORM.

THE following letter appears in the 'Manchester Examiner and Times' of June 22:—'Sir—May I take the liberty of inquiring, through the medium of your columns, whether any, and what medical gentleman or dentist in Manchester uses chloroform in surgical operations? Has it been introduced into any hospital here? There have been accounts of its use having occasioned death in London, and I am informed that great prejudice exists in this town against it. In Chambers's Journal for May last (page 280) there is a method of *testing and purifying* chloroform given; and I understand that the cause of death in the London cases arose either from impurity of the chloroform or the unskillfulness of the medical practitioner. I should also much like to know whether the mode of purification mentioned in Chambers's Journal is adopted in Manchester, and whether chloroform has caused death in any case here. It seems to me that if a medical man in this town would devote his attention to the subject, and procure pure chloroform, he would get well rewarded for his pains, and it would be a great boon to the inhabitants. —Yours very obediently, J.'

This letter is very reasonable. Chloroform of any kind is as yet little used in Manchester. The 'profession' there seems not prompt in making advances or adopting novelties, and they have not yet become generally aware, or at least not generally convinced, that chloroform of a pure quality, used with due care, is a safe application. As throughout England generally, there was first a wretched kind of chloroform used, which was seen to be dangerous, and then it was assumed that chloroform was a pernicious article, which it was the duty of cautious surgeons to avoid. The lucid explanations given by Professor Gregory before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, which we lately reported (No. 331), have not yet produced their proper effect in the south.

Men remark with wonder the great improvements of our day, by which personal locomotion and the transmission of intelligence are so immensely facilitated. There was a striking proof of this given on a melancholy occasion very lately, when the death of Sir Robert Peel, which took place near midnight, was promulgated in the papers published next morning in Edinburgh, exactly as in those of London. The rail and the electric telegraph perform wonders in some departments of our social state; but they seem to be useless in others. Here is a city full of medical men of high character, amongst whom a medicament most important to humanity takes it rise, and comes into general use. It has been for upwards of two years extensively and most successfully employed, in all kinds of cases, from tooth-drawing upwards. Thousands of people have taken it by way of experiment—nay, for amusement! In all, it is estimated to have been applied in this city upwards of eighty thousand times, and that *without the occurrence of a single accident!* One would think that such a fact would in these days soon be generally known. It lies open, palpable, before the whole world. Yet, strange to say, chloroform is little more than barely known in another British city, little more than 200 miles off, full of the most active, intelligent population in the world. It is throughout England the subject of a prejudice which a knowledge of the actual facts would at once dispel. Does not this show that the improvements are only in the physical machinery; and that when we come to the intellectual or moral, things are found as rusty as ever?

The plain truth regarding chloroform is, that in one city, where it is used pure, and with care, it is extensively and most beneficially employed. In other parts of the empire, where it has been made impure, and administered in an improper manner, it has been detrimental. In these other places, a pure article would of course have the usual good effects; but against this result there is an obstruction in the difficulty of transmitting an important truth from one mind to another. The only hope for the unfortunate public in this case is, to refuse to submit to a surgical operation until the attending practitioner has provided himself with the proper article entitled to the name of chloroform, and accomplished himself in the art of using it.

THE 'CANNY' SCOTCH.

In a late parliamentary debate, when a particular speaker opposed the claims of certain persons in Greece claiming compensation for alleged injuries from the government, it was deemed sufficient presumption against one that he was a Scotsman—a 'canny Scotsman'—this implying that he must necessarily be seeking to cheat and overreach, and that the claim therefore ought to be disallowed. This seems to us an unjust imputation, and one which, as calculated to be offensive to a whole nation, it is unwise in a British legislator to give vent to. It is not uncommon, however, in public proceedings in England, to accept some allusion of this nature to Scotland as an exceedingly good joke. To a Scotsman who, besides his home experiences, has some personal knowledge of London and of English modes of doing business generally, the joke has a very strange aspect. He feels that, at home, he is living among a people who, under all drawbacks on account of whisky (grievous as these are), are still in the main a moral—yea more, a *simple* people. He seldom finds occasion to be watchful or suspicious in his dealings with strangers of his own country. Swindling, pocket-picking, and house-robbery, are offences so rare, that he scarcely has to be at all on his guard against them. The charities of life are conspicuous everywhere in the land, unblighted by mutual fears. In London, on the contrary, he finds a predominant and ceaseless apprehension of danger from roguery. In his lodgings, walking the street, hiring a cab, making a purchase in a shop, he finds himself purely an object of spoliation, his best hope being, that he will get off without more than an average amount of sacrifice. He finds every one expressing more or less in his ordinary demeanour that he is on the defensive against his fellow-creatures. To live unplundered, and not continually overreached, it seems to be necessary to have an immense amount of special local knowledge, without which the stranger must of course suffer. It is not many years since a London periodical work gave a series of papers exposing the false pretensions of almost every class of traders, and showing that in whole streets there was not a single window which did not tell lies for the purpose of imposing on the unwary! When the honest, simple-hearted Scotsman, after a day's experience of the almost universal cheating, overreaching, and imposture of the great Babylon, retires to his lodging, and reads an account of a public meeting of Englishmen who have been thrown into 'convulsions of laughter' by some wag's allusion to 'a canny Scotsman'—perhaps merely seeking his own from some very uncanny somebody else*—he is apt to feel that he has learned something like a new version of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

It is to be feared that large portions of the people of England continue to labour under old traditionary prejudices against the Scotch, which, taking their rise in an age of mutual hostility and exasperation, were not

over-true at the beginning, and have long ceased to be true at all. A little reflection might show that keen or smart dealing in trade is, upon the whole, less likely to characterise a people in the stage of civilisation at which the Scotch have arrived, than one in the position of the English themselves. If England, moreover, were to reflect on the immense aggressions she has made upon the world during the last hundred years, in the subjugation of India, and the establishment of colonies, she would come to think less of the adventurous spirit of the individual Scotch. This is a subject on which great misapprehensions are entertained. In sheltering 38,000 natives of England within her borders (as appeared from the last census), almost all of them mercantile men, many of them very prosperous, Scotland is obviously, in proportion to her capabilities, more hospitable to England than is England to her, since the number of natives of Scotland received into that comparatively large and populous country is only 103,000. In Scotland, besides, the English manufacturers of all grades do an immense amount of business by means of men who do not settle in the population—namely, the class called commercial travellers. Settled or peripatetic, English traders meet with all possible encouragement, and certainly with nothing like a spirit of national antipathy, or rancour, or sarcasm, in Scotland. It does not appear to comport very well with English magnanimity, that a contrary feeling should so often find expression in England.

Scotland has for many years given no sort of trouble to the central government. It is an industrious, and therefore a prosperous country, and hence there is little tendency to discontent on political matters. But there is a pretty prevalent notion in Scotland that her reasonableness, or tameness, or whatever it may be called, leads to her being somewhat slighted or overlooked by those intrusted with the conduct of imperial affairs. It is remarked that large grants are made from the state funds for London and Dublin, in comparison with any extended to Edinburgh, and that it is almost impossible, except under very special circumstances, to obtain an imperial support for any of the public institutions in the north. For example, while sixty thousand a year is spent on the British Museum, nothing whatever can be obtained for any kind of museum in Edinburgh, although it is obvious that a certain diffusion, as well as concentration, is desirable for such institutions. The discontent on these subjects is not loud, but it is deep, and always getting deeper. It will be enough to add only a couplet from Burns—

'For God's sake, sirs, then speak her fair,
And stralk her canny wi' the hair.'

THE BUCCANEER.

In this country the supremacy of physical force is at least theoretically at an end. National wars are denounced as impolitic and unnecessary, as well as cruel and impious; personal conflicts among the lower classes excite only contempt and disgust; and when a gentleman is called to the arbitrament of the duello, he turns his back upon the inviter, telling him significantly that he pays his police rates. Under such circumstances, how is it that we read 'Ivanhoe' and other romances of chivalry, with undiminished delight, and that we retain all our old interest in the perils and achievements of mere animal courage? The reason is probably to be found in our instinctive recognition of the progressive development of the race to which we belong. There have been times, and there are still countries, where physical strength and iron nerves occupy the place of moral virtue, and where the capacity to give and endure hard blows are the test of real greatness. Each stage of social development has its own heroism; and knowing this—or rather *feeling* it—we may read with interest, and perhaps admiration, the details of deeds which in our day would consign their authors to the hulks or the gallows.

* The word 'canny' is generally used in Scotland in the sense of gentle, calculated for good. In England, apparently in some confusion from its resemblance in sound to 'cunning,' it is usually accepted as meaning sly and knavish. Jamieson gives both senses; but the latter is apparently obsolete in Scotland.

The author of a work before us*—which can hardly be termed a work of fiction—is aware of the principle here hinted at; and he strives from the commencement to impress upon his readers the fact, that the Buccaneers of whom he treats were not pirates in our sense of the term, embarrassing commerce, and distracting the onward course of civilisation, for their own personal gains, but men called up by the exigencies of events, and belonging essentially even in their crimes to the epoch. Spain asserted an exclusive property in the new world, and vessels of other nations presuming to show themselves in the Caribbean Sea were treated like poachers on a private manor. This unheard-of arrogance gave rise to a coalition against the Spaniards, which subsisted in these latitudes even when the different nations at home were at peace with each other. Spain was the only enemy, and with her there was never 'peace beyond the line'; the other Europeans, in public avowal of their confederation, calling themselves the 'Brethren of the Coast.' The Spaniards, who considered their right to the new world as indefeasible, inasmuch as it was derived from the pope, looked of course upon these interlopers as pirates; but the Buccaneers themselves assumed the name of privateersmen, and frequently carried letters of marque issued by any European nation with which Spain was at war.

So much for the theory; but the practice, as Mr Reach admits unwillingly, was a very different matter. The European ships which asserted their right to trade in these seas were necessarily at war with the Spaniards; but trade was soon forgotten in the excitement and profit of the strife; the desperate and depraved rushed in crowds to the bloody field; and a war of plunder ensued waged by roving banditti. Thus the Buccaneers—for we must not spare our author's tenderness—although theoretically privateersmen, were practically pirates; and, taking them as a body, they were perhaps the most atrocious miscreants in the world. Still, it cannot be denied that these mingled with the offscourings of the English, French, and Dutch jails some few adventurers of a better class, who would have shrunk from mending their fortunes by taking to the road—as well as many waifs and strays of the ocean, who were driven into the ranks of the Brethren by the storms of fortune. Among these classes, therefore, Mr Reach seeks his hero; and without throwing any permanent disguise over the repulsive features of the trade, he brings his story within the range of modern sympathies by clothing his Buccaneer in the conventional honesty and simple-mindedness of a seaman.

Leonard Lindsay, for that was his name, while on a voyage to Italy as a sailor, was blown into the sea in a squall with a portion of the mast and yard on which he had been employed in securing the topsails. Sustained by a spar, he spends the night in the stormy water, suffering a score of deaths; but in the morning he is rescued by the pinnacle of a Mediterranean felucca, bound for Hispaniola. There he soon learned that it was the intention of his preservers to sell him for a slave (nominally an apprentice) to the French West India Company. By the connivance of a countryman on board, however, he makes his escape, and once more finds himself floating alone on the sea, but this time in a small skiff, and on the coast of Porto Rico. 'For nearly an hour I remained almost motionless, fearing every moment to hear an alarm-gun fire; but the night continued silent, and then with a good heart I took up my oars, and using two as sculls, rowed towards the coast. The land-breeze blew steadily, so I had to tug long and hard. At last, seeing the dusky bank close ahead, I paused to look for a landingplace, but none could I see. The nature of the coast seemed to have changed, the land hereabout being a long, smooth wall of perpendicular rock, sinking sheerly into

the sea, which rose and fell at the base, with a loud hissing, pouring, gurgling sound—not like the deep thunder of surf. I therefore set myself to pull eastwardly in search of a creek or bay. I knew that the moon would presently rise over the land, and in sooth, in about an hour, I noted the glow of her broad disk, peeping over the edge of the cliff ahead of me, and showing it, fringed, as it were, with a line of bushes and brushwood, which curled over the precipice, surmounted now and then by one of the tall, bending palmetto-trees. In about an hour I had moonlight sufficient to see pretty distinctly the great limestone ledges along which I was cautiously coasting—pausing on my oars, now and then, to hear the great buzz of insects and the forlorn cries of night-birds which floated from the land. It must have been near three o'clock, when I saw a black-like opening in the wall of cliff, and very cautiously I pulled my boat inwards. For some time I was in great doubt as to whether I had found a creek, but presently I beheld the two portals of rock between which I was, fairly astern of the boat, and saw and heard the white gleam of the surf breaking on the beach. But the former was too high for me to risk a landing, and I would have pulled out to sea again, but seeing another dark shadowy space upon the left, I made for it, hoping it might turn out an oblique channel leading from the main cove. I was not deceived, and presently the boat glided along a sort of dusky canal, with great rocks on either hand, clothed with rich creeping herbage: trees hanging over either ledge, and as the channel narrowed, meeting, and by their intertwining boughs shutting out the blue sky. Below me the water showed as black as tar, yet sparkling when the undulations from the outer creek caused it to rise and sink upon the bushy banks. Now and then a flutter of wings would echo in the narrow passage, and the loud shriek of a night-bird would drown the noise. Anon a scrambling, wallopping sound, followed by a splash, as of a great animal scuttling from a ledge into the water, would ensue, and again for a time there would be deep silence. In about a quarter of an hour the heave of the sea was no longer felt, owing, as I concluded, to the shallowing of the creek; and then making fast the skiff to a great protruding branch, which I struck my head against, I rolled myself in a blanket which I found Wright had flung into the boat, and was soon asleep, being thus, as it were, safely anchored to the new world.'

The above extract is a fair specimen of our author's style and manner; and the reader will perceive from it, that in perusing the book he will be in the hands of one who exercises no small power over the imagination. If we had room, we should like to quote likewise the legend of 'Foul-weather Don,' which reminds us a good deal of Washington Irving. The ship was some days out of sight of land, when the Don makes his appearance in an old-fashioned boat. He is himself, too, old-fashioned—looking quite as old as his boat; dressed in a high conical hat and feather, with slashed and brocaded doublet, stiff ruff, red stockings, and with great bunches of ribbon in his shoes. It may be supposed that the sailors stared at their strange visitor; but one of them flung him a rope, and the stranger mounted on deck. Foul-weather Don proves to be the spectre of a tyrannical Spanish captain, whose memory had been so far impaired by the consequences of a fire, that he could not recollect where the island was on which he had hidden his treasure. He swore, however, never to return to Old Spain without it, and for a hundred years had continued to sail the ocean in quest of his gold. This is altogether a very good preternatural story, but we can only give its conclusion. The sailor who threw the rope to the old sinner has discovered the gold on a desert island, but is near getting his throat cut by the turtles in whose boat he is carrying it off. 'The weather getting very thick, the men forming each group began to whisper, and then all at once, as if they had made up their minds, they gave a loud shout, and made a rush at the box; as they did so, they drew knives and

* Leonard Lindsay; or the Story of a Buccaneer. By Angus B. Reach. 2 vols. London: Bogue. 1850.

sneer-sneezes, and cut and chopped at each other, struggling and cursing over the chest. Ned saw the blood splash down on the gold, and he rushed forward to separate them, crying out—"Madmen that you are—look out for the squall first, and fight afterwards." But it was too late, mates. The sky got black, and with a loud roar the squall came, tearing up the sea before it, and in the very centre of the flying foam Ned swore he saw Foul-weather Don, with his arms stretched forth, as if in triumph. In an instant the blast struck the sails, heaving the turtler bodily on her broadside, and as she lurched over, the heavy box of gold fetched away with a mighty surge, and went crashing through and through the frail bulwark, and then with a great plunge down to the bottom of the ocean, there to lie, mates, even until the day when the sea shall give up its dead! All this passed in a moment, and the next instant the ship, as though relieved by having cast forth the guilty gold, righted with a heavy roll, which sent the seamen sprawling across the deck, with their knives in their hands, and bloody gashes in their faces and limbs. The sailor looking down into the sea where the gold had sunk, sees the old captain's boat, keel uppermost.

An adventure as strange, though unconnected with the supernatural, is that of the 'Dwarf Pilot of the Unknown Shoals.' The ship on board of which Lindsay is, now one of the Buccaneers, finds herself suddenly in the midst of breakers when the crew knew of no land nearer than 300 miles. It was an immense and unknown shoal, where a flaw of wind, or a shift in the currents traversing its intricate channels, would be instantly fatal. 'At length the dawn grew pale in the sky, then a red, warm glow brightened above the waves; the thin night-mists rolled away; the seabirds came shrieking and clanging from their nests and holes, and we truly saw a lonely and desolate sight. All around the schooner for miles and miles was a pale-greenish sea, laced, as it were, with bars and streaks of surf, which spread around like open network, and dotted here and there with great smooth banks of bright sand; and low, long reefs like jagged walls rising now and then into a higher point of precipitous rock, which showed perhaps some eight or ten feet above the level of the surf. The blue sea formed the framing of this dismal picture.' They had got, by a kind of miracle, into the very middle of this hopeless range of shoals, banks, and reefs; and to get out, without a miracle, seemed impossible. The day was passed in vain explorations, and they determined on the following morning to begin a new search for an outlet in both the ships' boats. 'About an hour before sunset the men were lounging under the awning which we had set, fore and aft, some of them fishing in the clear water beneath us, when on a sudden there was a great cry of astonishment raised; and looking up from the chart which I was studying, I saw a strange little man, so small, he might almost be called a dwarf, deliberately climbing over the taffrail. A dozen of our seamen rushed to lay hold of him, but he waved his hand, as though there was no necessity for violence, and jumped lightly down on deck. "Where is the captain of this ship?" quoth he in a strange shrill, cracked voice, and speaking English with a slight foreign accent. At this moment Captain Jem came out of the main cabin, and stared heartily, as indeed we all did, to see so unexpected and strange-looking a visitor. The creature—who was so queer and dwarfish a man, that as I gazed upon him I thought of old-world stories of Brownies and uncanny men of the moors—could not have been above four feet high. He had very broad shoulders, and such long muscular arms, that they looked like fore-legs of an ape. His face was big and broad, but not by any means ugly. He had light-blue twinkling eyes and long fair hair, and a beard of a flaxen colour. The little man's dress was as strange as himself. He wore a broad hat, made of great ribbons of strong green sea-weed, very neatly plaited and wrought. He had a linen shirt, not of the cleanest, with a cloth cloak hanging round his

loins, and bound with a broad belt of similar sea-weed to that which formed his hat; while on his legs, which were very short and thick, he wore a pair of coarse canvas drawers. His great brown splay feet were bare. When I say that this strange-looking apparition had a sort of necklace of coral, mixed with small pieces of gold and silver money hung round his neck, that his ears were weighed down with big silver rings, and that in his hand he carried a paddle, with a broad blade at each end, I have fully described to the reader the stranger who now advanced towards Captain Jem, pulling off his hat, and making a very polite bow. Not to be behind-hand in good-breeding, Stout Jem was nothing loth to return the salaam; after which he asked the little man how he had come on board.

The dwarf had arrived in a beautiful canoe, which was now seen alongside; and in reply to the questions of the captain, he announced himself to be a pilot. To what land? None nearer than 100 leagues. What ships, then, come hither to demand your assistance? None at all. The mystery thickened, and the crew stared at each other. The dwarf continued—"There never was a ship," quoth he, "which came to these shoals but stayed there. There be plenty of room for a navy to lie on these sands and reefs; and then the first gale of wind that comes smashes them faster than e'er a ship-breaker in Limehouse." Here the captain got into a rage, and threatened his visitor with the yard-arm. The dwarf, however, remains cool; and in reply to all the captain's questions as to his trade and his whereabouts, replies merely that if they chose he would pilot them out to sea, and ask nothing for his trouble but the pleasure of getting rid of them.

"What will you do when we get to sea?" asked Bristol Tom.

"What is that to you, old man?" quoth the dwarf: "go your ways, and leave me to go mine. I warrant I should have had more wit than to come blundering in here against my will."

"So you landed here on purpose?" says I.

"Whether I did or no," says the dwarf, "is nothing to you. Do you want a pilot, or do you not?"

The sailors, instead of accepting his offer upon his own terms, endeavour to seize the dwarf; but he bounds over the side, and in an instant his light canoe is floating a couple of fathoms from the side. Then follows a chase in one of the ship's boats, described with great spirit; but the little man baffles his pursuers with perfect ease, and they return, forming a shrewd suspicion that the shoal is haunted.

The dwarf turns out to be one of the treasure-seekers of those days, and he meets with a tragical end, which is the worst part of the story.

To give any connected account of the hero's adventures would be impossible in the space to which we are confined. In fact the whole book is full of adventures, and of the most exciting kind imaginable; and the author seems to be as much at home on the land as on the sea. The escape of Lindsay, when hunted with bloodhounds, is a capital piece of melodrama; and generally the scene-painting is highly effective. The Buccaneering life is at first described a little too much *en beau*, but at the conclusion this is amply made up for. Before coming, however, to the closing scene, we must mention the regulations of the Buccaneers, which are given from actual history. The principle of the voyage was, 'No prey, no pay.' The booty taken was thrown into a common fund, out of which all on board were paid, in due proportions, after the share of the owners was set apart. 'Then the salaries of the captain, the quarter-master, the boatswain, the carpenter, and the surgeon, were fixed, and certain sums were determined upon, to be given in compensation for the different species of wounds which we might receive. These compensations were upon the following scale, and they applied alike to all the ship's company:—The loss of a right arm, six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves; of a left arm, five hundred pieces, or five

slaves; for a right leg the same; for a left leg, four hundred pieces of eight, or four slaves; for an eye, one hundred pieces of eight, or one slave; and for a finger, the like sum. As for the proportion of pay, the captain had as much as five ordinary seamen; and the quartermaster, or master's mate, which was my station, that of two. The rest of the crew shared equally, and two boys whom we had on board drew the pay of one able-bodied man. Furthermore, it was stipulated that each mariner, without any distinction of rank, should be daily entitled to two full meals of the ship's stores, besides what game or fresh meat we might fall in with; and the indenture concluded by reciting that all those who signed it by name or mark, did thereby take a solemn oath not to hide or conceal from their comrades the slightest article of value which they might become possessed of, but to fling all, without let or drawback, into the common fund.

These are doubtless good regulations; but the tyranny of the officers, lawlessness of the men, and hideous depravity of the great majority of the crew of all ranks, made the ship not unfrequently a pandemonium. The scene described as taking place on board of one of the vessels, is a picture of savage drunkenness ending in literal madness. The mate smashes some bottles of brandy into a tub, and then sets fire to the whole, the besotted company only shouting and cheering at the feat. But the tub is overturned in their frantic struggles, and a flood of liquid fire surges over the cabin.

"Oh, then, the oaths, the yells, the frantic strugglings, which filled that hell upon the waters! Dozens of bottles had been already broken or split, and their contents, surging about, had thoroughly drenched the clothes of the wallowing brutes, who lay sprawling upon the floor. The cabin was in a moment one blaze of flame, in which men with their clothes and hair a-fire, and their faces livid and ghastly in the glare, leaped, and staggered, and sought to clamber on barrels and casks, blaspheming, and screaming, and scuffling madly with each other.

"Up, up!" shouted Rumbold; "up for dear life!" All that I have described took place almost in the time that one sees a flash of lightning. In a moment, without knowing how I had done it, I was upon the deck, with my clothes and hair singed, but otherwise unscathed. As I drew in the first blessed breath of the fresh cool night, a loud explosion shook the deck under our feet, and we heard the tinkling crash of the cabin windows as the glass was blown out of them.

"There went a powder-flask!" cried Rumbold; and then, as if the word appalled him, he staggered back from me, crying, "The magazine—the magazine!—it is just beneath the floor of the cabin!"

"What I did for the next moment I hardly know. It is only a vision of rushing to the davits where a quarter-boat hung—of the rope flying hot through my hand—of Rumbold searching frantically for oars on the deck, while a blue flame streamed up through the skylight and cabin stairs, and the shrieks of the burning men mingled in the roar of the fierce fire!

"But in that vision I had one awful glimpse down into the cabin. May I be enabled to forget what I saw! The masses of fat meat, the dry bedding, the clothes scattered on the floor, masses of them being drenched with spirits, were all flaming together, while the drunkards rolled, roaring and scuffling, on the table and the floor, their flesh actually scorching from the bones! I say no more on't: would I could think no more on't.

"Over the side went we with a single leap down into the surging boat. "Off, off—push off!" And as the pinnacle glanced away from the ship, tongues of flame curled and roared out of the cabin windows all round the stern. "Pull for life!" We stretched to the oars like madmen, and the boat flew over the water. The mizen-sail, which was as dry as dust, for there was no dew, caught fire from the blaze, roaring up from the

skylight; and in a minute the scorching element ran all aloft, blazing along the ropes, licking up the broad sails, making the strong canvas tinder, and lighting up for miles and miles the lone midnight sea! There! A bright sheet of red fire shot forth, as if a volcano had burst out under the ocean, the glare showing us for an instant, and no more, a vision of huge beams, and rent masses of timber, flying out and upwards; and then—just as we heard the sound of the explosion, not a loud sharp crack, but a smothered roar, which made all the air shake palpably around us—down with a stately swoop fell the flaming mizen-mast into the sea!

"We sat in speechless horror, unable to move our oars; then all the fire, low and aloft, disappeared with a loud hiss, and a great white cloud of steam rose boiling from the wreck, loud sounds of cracking and rending timber coming forth from the vapour, mingled with the gurgling rush of water pouring into and sucking down the shattered ship. After this, the white smoke rose and floated, like a canopy, all above our heads, and we gazed, and gazed, but saw nothing on the midnight sea.

"They are gone—it is all over," said Rumbold. "Lord have mercy on their sinful souls!"

"To this I solemnly responded, with my heart as with my tongue, "Amen! amen!"

NOTES ON EMIGRATION.

CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

SOME time ago we noticed the establishment of a colony at Otago, in New Zealand, by a body of individuals belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, and from all recent accounts, it appears that this attempt at systematic colonisation is likely to be crowned with perfect success. Perhaps encouraged by the example of the Otago settlers, and at all events moved by considerations of the importance of colonising on an enlarged social scale, certain persons have formed themselves into an association, with the view of establishing a Church of England settlement in New Zealand. The Canterbury Settlement, as this new colony is to be called, lies on the same side of the middle island of New Zealand as Otago, about 150 miles farther north, and consists of a million of acres of land. The land has been acquired by purchase from the New Zealand Company, which stands in the place of the crown as regards the disposal of waste lands. The association is entitled, by royal charter, to acquire and dispose of lands, and as a corporate body to make all proper arrangements for conducting a settlement.

As formerly stated, we do not give an unequalled approval to the planting of colonies on the basis of one predominant religious denomination; but in this, as in many other things, we must make a choice of evils, and adopt the lesser. Left to itself, emigration is conducted on no plan. Crowds of people in struggling circumstances ship themselves off anywhere, and anyhow; when they arrive in the country of their choice, they scatter themselves abroad in forests and wastes; buy land at a few shillings an acre; toil like slaves for years; and live probably hundreds of miles from churches or schools. They seldom fail to obtain plenty of food; their animal wants are fully supplied; but an intelligent man aims at something besides mere food and shelter. And yet the mass of emigrants get nothing else. The consequence of such undirected plans is a very slow social progress—often a protracted barbarism. What is wanted is a well-considered scheme of colonisation, by which emigrants of various classes—capitalists, professional men, tradesmen, agriculturists, labourers—might proceed with some degree of certainty to a quarter where they could unitedly set up a state of society resembling that with which they had been accustomed. Schemes of this kind have always been most successful when allied with religious principle. A community of faith has formed a bond of union among the first set-

thers, and an attraction to those who came after them. Some of the old American colonies were eminently successful on this account. Maryland was settled by Roman Catholics, Pennsylvania by Quakers, New England by the Puritans. Ever since England lost these colonies, the practice of sectarian or concentrated emigration has been dropped, and the haphazard plan has been almost the only one followed. An energetic body of Scottish seceders, in planting Otago, may be said to have revived a lost art; and now an association of Englishmen propose to follow in the same course.

The Canterbury Association consists of a number of noblemen, private gentlemen, bishops, and archbishops, at the head of whom is the Archbishop of Canterbury. We observe that the Archbishop of Dublin, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Ashley, are among the office-bearers of the association; and their names alone are a sufficient guarantee for any arrangements that may be adopted. The objects of the association are thus briefly stated:—'It is perceived that adequate provision for man's moral and religious wants in the new country contains the primary element of successful colonisation, not only on account of the importance of such provision *per se*, but also because thereby alone can a really valuable class of men be induced to join in the foundation and settlement of colonies. Upon this idea our plan is founded. We intend to form a settlement, to be composed entirely of members of our own church, accompanied by an adequate supply of clergy, with all the appliances requisite for carrying out her discipline and ordinances, and with full provision for extending them in proportion to the increase of population. As by preserving unity of religious creed, the difficulties which surround the question of education are avoided, we shall be enabled to provide amply and satisfactorily for that object. The committee of management will have the power of refusing to allow any person of whom they may disapprove to become an original purchaser of land; and as that power will be carefully exercised, it is hoped that ineligible colonists may be almost entirely excluded, and that the new community will have at least a fair start in a healthy moral atmosphere. The purchasers of land will have the selection of labourers to be recommended for a free passage; such labourers to be also exclusively *bonâ-fide* members of the English church. As a site for our projected colony, we have fixed upon New Zealand, which offers greater advantages of soil and climate, combined with a greater amount of available and unoccupied land, than any other British possession. . . . In order to provide funds for carrying out the objects of the association, every purchaser of land will be required to contribute a sum proportioned to the extent of his purchase, and all such contributions will be expended, through the instrumentality of the committee of management, according to the wishes and directions of the colonists, from among whom those who are fit and able to take part in the proceedings of the committee will be from time to time added to their number. The principal sources of expense will consist in religious and educational endowments, in the importation of labour, in surveys, and in those public works (such as roads, bridges, and buildings) which may be absolutely necessary to the establishment and maintenance of the settlement. These are things which every good colonist must wish to see well done; but they are such as the isolated efforts of individuals cannot do, and therefore it is necessary to make a contribution to them a preliminary requisite to the purchase of land in the settlement which will benefit by their existence. Ten shillings per acre will be charged for the rural land; and every purchaser of land will contribute to the purposes above-mentioned in the following proportion:—L.1 per acre to the religious and educational fund; L.1 per acre to the immigration fund; 10s. per acre to the fund for miscellaneous purposes, such as surveys, roads, bridges, &c. . . . Such are the main features of the plan; those who bring it before the public propose to themselves a high object, being nothing less than a reform

in our system of colonisation, which might almost appear to have been based on the assumption that colonists have no intellects to be cultivated, no souls to be saved; and that by emigrating they lose their right to the feelings and aspirations, the habits and institutions of Englishmen.' Those who are desirous of joining the colonists, or who wish for further information on the subject, should apply to the secretary, H. F. Alston, Esq., 41 Charing Cross, London.

With regard to the form of government:—'The colonists will sail from England as far as possible an organized society; and it is the intention of her Majesty's government to direct that the settlement of Canterbury may be, if no local obstacles or other unforeseen objections prevent, constituted a distinct province, with a separate legislature. If this intention be carried out, they will possess institutions of local self-government to an extent unexampled in the history of new colonies in modern times; and the enjoyment of this boon alone would suffice to stamp the Canterbury Settlement with a peculiar character, and to make it especially attractive in the eyes of all who are acquainted with the evils of the opposite system. Its colonists will possess complete powers of self-taxation, of legislation upon all matters which concern themselves alone, and of control over all functionaries engaged in local administration, without any interference on the part of other and differently-constituted communities; while it is hoped that the care exercised in selecting those colonists, and their general unity of opinion on topics which form a fertile source of discord at home, will enable them to exercise with peculiar advantage and facility the privileges with which it is hoped that they will be intrusted.'

Two-sixths of the price paid for land are to be set apart for ecclesiastical and educational purposes on a permanent footing. That so large a proportion of the price should be sunk in endowments of this class may appear excessive and inexpedient. But let it be remembered that the dispensation of funds on a liberal principle for churches and schools, is only another name for insuring the settlement of a respectable and 'gentlemanly' community; and if by that means persons of wealth, taste, and education can be induced to settle down together, will not the money be well spent? After having carefully perused the 'Papers' put forth by the Canterbury Association, we candidly avow that we see no reason for a fear sometimes entertained, that the colony will be a mere pendicle of the Church of England, and subordinate to its priesthood. As stated in one of the 'Papers':—'If the object were to extend the church by means of the colony, and all arrangements were planned with this aim in view, then, indeed, either Canterbury would be a priest-ridden settlement, or, as is more probable, the scheme would break down in the execution; but if, on the contrary, the ultimate object is a superior colony, the extension of the church being one of the means employed, in that case, execution being conformable to the design, there will be no spiritual domination in this settlement, but only such religious provisions as promise to make the colony attractive and prosperous.' Further on it is mentioned:—'As respects the attraction of religious provisions, the Canterbury enterprise already furnishes satisfactory proof in the first body of colonists now preparing to emigrate. We allude only to those of the gentry and capitalist classes; for whenever these abound as emigrants, the other classes are sure to be in abundance. We say then with confidence, that as respects numbers and wealth, the body of gentry and capitalists proceeding to Canterbury surpasses those who founded South Australia, Wellington, or Nelson, if it does not surpass all of them put together. Attribute what may be to the uniform fertility of the Canterbury Plains, to the absence of vexing natives, to the climate and scenery, to the full previous survey, and consequent freedom of choice in appropriating land, to the "great names" of the Canterbury Association, and to the pioneering of

such a man as John Robert Godley; award to each and all of these circumstances their just proportions of influence in attracting emigrants of the higher classes; and yet it will be found that the main attraction to Canterbury is the religious element of the plan. Nor has this attracted only the most religious class. By attracting them, it attracts others who see that capital will be most profitably invested in a settlement to which they are attracted in great numbers, and where their wealth, conduct, and example will conduce to a rapid and solid prosperity.

We shall watch with interest the progress of this remarkable settlement, and report to our readers any new circumstances that may seem worthy of being brought under their notice. One word only remains to be added. We are sorry that the term 'Canterbury' has been employed in naming the settlement. All repetitions of old-country names are bad, and this, from peculiar circumstances, is doubly so. It would be much better to seek out and adopt the native name of the district, as in the case of Otago.

LETTER FROM A PAUPER.

A PERSON, who gives us his name, and describes himself as a parish pauper, living in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, writes complainingly to us of an indignity which we have lately committed towards the poor. The letter is so characteristic, that it deserves publicity. We improve only the orthography:—

'Permit me to call your attention to an article entitled "Neglected Children," in the number of your Journal for June 15, in which article paupers and pauper children are mixed up with crime and criminals of every description, as if, in fact, they were guilty of some crime, and ought to be treated as criminals. I should expect from you something more like truth and justice. But before I mention what I complain of, permit me to state some particulars of my life. To begin at the beginning: my father was a soldier, and accompanied Abercromby to the country of the Pyramids, where he experienced the ordinary honours of a soldier. A stray ball went through his leg; and while sitting on the ground in endeavouring to bind up his wound, a mounted warrior gave him a cut across the back of his cranium with a sabre, which greatly disfigured his appearance, and cured him of soldiering. He returned home; was discharged; and became a police-officer in Edinburgh. I was born in Leith Walk in 1819, and while still young, went with my mother to visit her aged father in the north country. Here we resided for nine years, and all the education I got was three-quarters of a year at school. When about nine years of age, my parents removed to Aberdeen. As soon as I arrived in the granite city, I was placed with a distant relative five miles from town, and here I rusticated two years herding cattle. From this I was taken home, and placed in a factory. I wrought at heckling flax for about six years, and then shifted to a cotton-work. My employment consisted in starching, or preparing the yarn with a kind of paste before it is put into the power-loom. Awfully hot work this was; so much so, that on entering the apartment we put off all our clothes except the shirt and a pair of loose trousers. Arms, neck, breast, and legs, were bare, and yet the perspiration was excessive. At this trying employment I continued two years, during which I lost a stone in weight. On leaving the cotton-factory, work was difficult to be had. I went to the country, and helped a relative to keep a toll. It being the depth of winter at this time, a very heavy fall of snow blocked up the road; and it being the duty of tollmen to keep the roads clear of drifts, I went to clear part of the way the day after my arrival. It was a dreadfully cold day; a piercing wind blew, accompanied by sleet and rain. However, I put off my coat, and commenced work, and wrought till I was both wet and weary. As might be expected, I caught a cold, or the cold caught

me. Be that as it may, I got it—and such a cold! I could not speak for three months, and did nothing but cough night and day. People said I had got consumption. They were mistaken, however: I got better. The cough left me, and I was left with an extraordinary shortness of breath. In this state I again obtained employment at the cotton-work; but I now found that if I exerted myself, or travelled a short distance, my breathing became difficult, accompanied with a quick and irregular beating of the heart. Unfortunately I disregarded these symptoms of disease, which I imagined would leave me by and by; and in 1843 I married. I, however, found that the disease was gradually getting worse; so that, in 1849, I was under the necessity of giving up work, and going to the infirmary. For about six months I used all sorts of medicines, both inwardly and outwardly, with blisters of every shape and size, without being in the least relieved. By this time my family, consisting of my wife and three children, were in a state of utter destitution. Some friends advised me to apply for parish relief. This was going against the grain. I endeavoured to find some employment that I was fit for; but my efforts were useless, and I was obliged to apply to the parish. My only alternative was starvation; and I really believe I chose the worst, as the parochial board has kindly allowed me, my wife, and three children, 10s. a month, or 2s. 6d. a week. You, sir, may believe that we will not get fat on that allowance. However, that is not what I complain of; but that my children should be taken to those Ragged Schools, as they are called, to be educated. I am perfectly satisfied that at these schools, where they would mix with criminals, they would learn more evil than good. Yet it is proposed to put all the pauper children into them. It is certainly very hard upon me that because I am unfortunately afflicted both in body and mind, my children should be mixed up with the sweepings of the streets, which would in all probability be hurtful to them during life. Excuse this rather long story, but I could not refrain from stating my objections,' &c.

We deny having implied in the article in question a non-distinction between paupers, simply as such, and criminals. A pauper may of course be a very virtuous person. Our correspondent, for instance, probably is so. His anxiety to keep his children clear of the criminal class argues as much; and we honour him for the feeling which dictates his letter. At the same time, what is society to do? Here is one man who, marrying imprudently when under a disabling ailment, throws himself with a burthen of helpless children on the community. There is another man, dissolute and heartless, who deserts his children, or deliberately allows them to grow up as savages on the streets. Another set of children, perverted by bad example, go about seeking for opportunities of committing crime. In all of these ways a large burthen of unprovided children falls upon the community, who must either take them in charge, or see them grow up as an army of fresh recruits to the criminal class. The question is, Is society to be expected to make nice distinctions amongst these children, furnishing them with separate lodging, schooling, &c.? Society's own answer, we rather think, will be, 'We cannot refine in that way.' The common sense of mankind has everywhere declared that a gift must not be critically scanned. It must therefore be for society to say how far it can go in arrangements for the succour of its outcast children, not for particular parents to claim this and that privilege and favour. We believe, however, that the arrangements are actually, in general, good, and that such complaints as the above are far from being well-founded.

The letter of our pauper correspondent reveals pretty clearly what is, we fear, the general feeling of that class regarding their relation to society. He brings poverty and disease upon himself, and entails the former on his children, without any self-reproach. He is succoured and medically treated at the expense of

his industrious fellow-creatures, without any gratitude. He thinks not of the hardship it is to society to support him and his family; he thinks only of the narrowness of its allowance, and criticises its various arrangements for his benefit. We remember being astounded in our youth by seeing a lame female beggar who had to be carried from door to door by the servants of those who gave her alms, thumping with a stout stick one of her bearers for not carrying her with sufficient steadiness: it was the type of the modern pauper.

SHETLAND WOOL.

The Shetland man wears nothing but the wool of his own sheep; stockings, shirt, drawers, thick Jersey cap, mittens, all are knitted by his family. His trousers are from the same wool, woven in a rude loom. But the wool is of further use in affording the means for the goodwife's indulgence in the luxury of tea. The quality of wool varies: the fleece of some of the sheep is coarse, of others exquisitely fine; so that from two sheep belonging to the same hill-pasture, one pair of stockings may be made worth fourpence, and another pair worth two guineas; but its general character is a soft fine texture. Practice in the old-fashioned hand-spinning gives to some a beautiful certainty and regularity, competing with and surpassing the thread spun by the finest machinery. The Shetland woman knits from childhood: her ball of worsted and wires accompany her everywhere; into the fields, to be taken up at intervals of rest; even during hard work she pills her industrious fingers, for she may be met on the hill-side with a heavy burthen on her shoulders, bending beneath the weight, but still knitting. She knits, too, when she herself forms the burthen on the back of her little sheltie: his short step does not prevent her knitting. With such constant practice, need we be surprised that some arrive at such perfection in the art? For many years the Dutch were the chief customers for Shetland hosiery. Their fishing-vessels, from five hundred to a thousand, carrying fifteen men each, made Shetland their rendezvous in their yearly visits to the North Sea to prosecute the herring-fishery, and did a considerable barter trade, giving in exchange tea, tobacco, and other exciseable articles; the Board of Customs or Excise, however, deriving no benefit in the matter. But the knitted goods in demand were coarse and cheap, little calculated to improve the manufacture. As the number of Dutch boats dwindled, and with them the hosiery trade, a market was found in Scotland, and finer goods came into demand. The Scotch ladies, good knitters, could appreciate the work. It is only of late years that these goods have been more particularly introduced into England. Fortunately for the knitters, a notion gains ground that woollen clothing is more suited than any other for our variable climate; and the softness of the wool, and the pleasant elasticity that knitting gives, cause these goods yearly to increase in favour.—*Shetland on the Shetland Islands.*

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

The means known, so far, of promoting longevity have been usually concentrated in short pithy sayings, as, 'Keep your head cool, and your feet warm.'—'Work much, and eat little,' &c. just as if the whole science of human life could be summed up and brought out in a few words, while its great principles were kept out of sight. One of the best of these sayings is given by an Italian in his 116th year, who, being asked the means of his living so long, replied with that improvisation for which his country is remarkable:

'When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.'

The following is about the best theory of the matter:—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus hus-

bands his quantum of vitality—will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives slow; while he, on the other hand, who lives intensely—who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, or causes that produce them, labours beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes, and indulges exhausting passions, lives on stimulating and highly-seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures.—*Chicago Dollar Newspaper.*

THE TWIN GENII.

'And this world, ye ken, air, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters, and by Fate and Destiny their verra lives depend on aye and the same eternal Law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy wd soon dwine awa' into the resemblance of her departed Soror. Ay, her face wd soon be whiter and mair wo-begone, and they wd soon be buried side by side in ae grave.'—*Noctes Ambrosianae.*

'Il n'y a rien plus près du rire que des larmes.'

THERE are twin Genii, who, strong and mighty,
Under their guidance mankind retain;
And the name of the lovely one is Pleasure,
And the name of the loathly one is Pain.
Never divided, where one can enter
Ever the other comes close behind;
And he who in Pleasure his thoughts would centre,
Surely Pain in the search shall find!

Alike they are, though in much they differ—
Strong resemblance is 'twixt the twin;
So that sometimes you may question whether
It can be Pleasure you feel or Pain.
Thus 'tis that whatever of deep emotion
Stirreth the heart—he it grave or gay,
Tears are the symbol—from feeling's ocean
These are the fountains that rise to-day.

Should not this teach us to calmly welcome
Pleasure when smiling our hearths beside?
If she be the substance, how dark the shadow!
Close doth it follow, the near-allied.
Or if Pain loom o'er our threshold hover,
Let us not question, but Pleasure nigh
Bideth her time her face to discover,
Bow of Hope in a clouded sky!

MIT.

London, June 20.

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